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FIELD OF BLOOD?" Finding ourselves encompassed with calamities on every side, and no asylum to be found in any quarter, we set sail for our native country, that we might know the state of those countries, the enmities of which, had caused us to take this long but fruitless voyage. We made our way homewards, by the same course taken at our departure, when the sky was separated from the sea, and the land became our horizon, those countries to which nature had been particularly bounteous, appeared to be overgrown with weeds and thorns. Widows filled the air with their weepings, children with heart-piercing eloquence, stretched out their little hands to their mothers for food: but they, unable to supply their wants, clasped them in their arms, and bathed them with their tears. Our anxiety to return to the spot of our nativity, induced us to steer for the *once happy, but now tempestuated Erin.* Here the picture of misery was completed: for we saw the natural productions of our country transported from its shores; whilst her own children are the victims of want and distress. Corn, butter, beef, pork, &c. carried away in abundance from her coasts. "Behold," says my friend, "how Ireland is reduced; see how her riches are lavished, to defray the expenses of unnecessary wars." He continued his discourse for a considerable time, but as my attention was deeply fixed on a great concourse of persons, viewing the vessels almost overladen with their cargoes, I have but an imperfect remembrance of the remaining part of his pathetic address. The crowds approached so near me, and with jealousy in their countenances, so loudly deplored the fate of their country, that they awoke me from my long and uninterrupted slumber. FILIUS HIBERNIÆ.

Waterford, Oct. 13, 1811.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

"When others fled, he came at duty's call,
When others crouch'd, he stood, as well became
A PERCY's dauntless heart—*when Rome and Gaul*
Around the rebel horde with loud acclaim."

THE above lines have appeared in the Belfast papers, in praise of the late Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore:—and a person unacquainted with his character, would suppose him from this, to have been equally intolerant as his eulogist. It appears natural, that the panegyric of a liberal man should breathe a corresponding spirit;—nor does poetry with all its licence authorise calumny.

By Rome is meant, either the Roman Pontiff, or the Catholic clergy of Ireland—*neither* surely merit from the Poet the reproach of treason, expressed in his *terrific verse.* Let the virtuous be praised for their virtues. THE GOOD, THE INTELLIGENT PERCY demands not this immolation of truth and charity to be made at his shrine. The name of PERCY will survive, when intolerance shall be no more.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

A LETTER TO HENRY BROUGHAM, ESQ. M. P. ON THE SUBJECT OF REFORM IN THE REPRESENTATION OF THE PEOPLE IN PARLIAMENT; BY WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ.*

MY DEAR SIR,

THE perusal of your very interesting letter has recalled my

* The following letter, although it has been some time in print, may perhaps be new to some of the readers of this magazine. At least its matter and manner are highly interesting in the present crisis.